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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OF the Caricature we would wish to explain neither too little nor too much. Something should be intimated even to the most intelligent, and something left for the conjecture of the most illiterate. Our readers will observe, that the steps by which the four principal personages endeavour to arrive at the Temple of Fortune are fully described in the pages of our present number. The gentleman on the left having almost completed his royal road to the summit of his wishes, is driven back by the light of Justice, into the way to Newgate. The young gentleman on his right is too busy admiring himself, to mind his steps, and is gradually falling into the same path. The descendant of Daffy is kindly assisted by the little doctor, to whose business he succeeded. And the reverend gentleman on the right of the hill is helped forwards by his rib, and the sweet sisters of his flock. It is almost needless to remark, that the roads are so constructed as to lead into each other.

The legal adviser of Mr. John King called upon us a few days ago, to inform us that the BARONESS MINQUITZ had offered, on condition of a handsome commercation, to procure the suppression of our first article. To this intimation we returned no answer, but it has since been repeated, with the addition that the baroness declared she was authorised to make this declaration on the part of our printer.—We insert this note that the baroness may be apprized of King's machinations.

Marvolio may be assured that much of our attention shall be directed to the Fashionable World.

We wish to intimate to X. Y. &c. &c. that ex parte statements cannot be admitted. If the cause of any correspondent be just, he can have no objection to lay before us the documents by which it is supported; leaving to us the discretionary power of observing upon them in any manner we think proper.

IMPARTIAL is mistaken in supposing that any document he might send us in favor of Mr. Dubost would be "garbled to suit the case of Mr. Hope." We are not aware that the latter gentleman possesses any undue influence over the public prints. For our own parts we can only declare that we shall judge exclusively from the evidence laid before us.

VINDES forgets that Lord Byron is abroad; and had we no reason to doubt the justice of the attack, it would not be fair or generous to publish it in his absence.

Mr. Taylon, of the Opera-house, shall meet with the attention that he deserves. Communications respecting him will be acceptable.

INTRODUCTION.

THE editor of the Scourge commits his first number to the world with mingled feelings of doubt and confidence. Indebted as he has been to the former kindness of the public, he cannot but be aware that the office which he has now ventured to assume, requires not only literary talents but technical experience. In works which exclusively depend for a favourable reception on beauty of style, vivacity of manner, or profundity of scholastic research, the first number may be taken as a favourable specimen of what its Editors are able to accomplish; but in a publication like this, which demands, besides the usual qualifications of the man of letters, an habitual acquaintance with the routine of business, and with all the sources of original information, it may be reasonably hoped that every successive number will be superior to that which has preceded it; that having once seized the clue which shall conduct the editor through all the mazer of wickedness and folly, his discoveries will become more interesting, and his step more firm the further he advances. He flatters himself, indeed, that even the present number will do no discredit to his means of obtaining information, or to his assiduity in making the best use of his opportunities: but it is evident that as the publication proceeds these opportunities will be multiplied; one scene of complicated iniquity leads to others of still greater interest and singularity; and the writer who accustoms himself to the observation of life and manners with an eye to the exposure of folly, and the developement of wickedness, will naturally find his acuteness sharpened by practice, and his judgment strengthened by experience.

That the publication will excite some clamour, and its conductor be honoured with more than a reasonable share of personal obloquy is not to be doubted, but the charge to which he is most apparently open is malignity. It is usual for those who have no legitimate weapons of defence, to oppose the battery of satire with a formidable artillery of abusive epithets; it may be true, indeed, that these epithets have been employed by the censor himself; but it is the duty of those who use them as instruments of retaliation to prove that they are returned with as much justice as they were given. If we are malignant our malignity is of a peculiar character, we hate none but the detestable, we despise none but the contemptible. When virtue, or modesty, or learning shall be held up by the editor of the Scounge to the derision of the vulgar and the hatred of the malicious, it will

then be just and timely to accuse him of malignity.

"Mankind has always been wicked, but wicked in different degrees."
Even in the darkest ages of moral depravity and mental ignorance, there has always been some favoured spot secluded from the rest, some sacred retreat of philosophy and virtue. The effect of moral instruction is partial and irregular, as, notwithstanding the influence of the sun on the face of nature, the rock and the desart are desolate and unfruitful.

That our labours should produce an immediate and visible revolution in the practice or theory of morals, we are not so Quixotic as to expect, but the benefit that arises to mankind from the detection of a profligate is more extensive than a superficial observer of life and manners would believe. A systematic villain seldom stands alone; he must have his coadjutors, his instruments, and his dependants; men who collectively are the powerful agents of wickedness, but who when once dispersed by the ruin of their master, sink into individual helplessness and insignificance.

There is a necessary dependance of the various forms of villainy on each other; the detection of an accommodation bill manufacturer may put an end to the knaveries of many a fraudulent competitor for bankruptcy; and the exposure of a fictitious firm in the metropolis would naturally lead to the downfal of the country agency offices and subscription speculations with which all such undertakings are connected.

But it is possible to be criminally foolish and dangerously impertinent. There is a point at which vanity degenerates into guilt, and the desire of pleasing into injustice. Whenever, therefore, the honours and rewards that ought to be conferred on genius and industry are received or intercepted by obtrusive dullness and selfish puppyism, it will be our duty to remind the public that stupidity is no longer protected from ridicule than while its pretensions are harmless. It may be very well for such authors as Mr. Skeffington to employ the heavy hours of slothful vacancy, in successful endeavours to shew their friends how badly they can write; but when these gentlemen persist from year to year, in defying the scorn, and insuling the judgment of the theatrical world, at the expence of the fair claims of the professional favourites and legitimate cultivators of the drama, our pity for their infatuation is absorbed in our indignation at their meanness and their cruelty. It should never be forgotten that while the buffooneries of Miles Peter Andrews, Esq. who wrote because he had nothing else to do, were accepted at the theatre, and applauded in the newspapers, the Honey Moon was reposing on the manager's shelf, in an oblivion that nothing but accident could have invaded, and its author lingering away a frame exhausted by professional and literary toil, in hopeless want and cheerless disappointment.







